THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.

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THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

"*Ev'n misses, at whose age their mothers wore*
"*The back-strings and the bib, assume the dress*
"*Of womanhood, sit pupils in the school*
"*Of card-devoted time, and night by night,*
"*Plac'd at some vacant corner of the board,*
"*Learn every trick, and soon play all the game.*"

COWPER.

FROM my general acquaintance with the ladies and the attention I pay to all matters in which they are interested, it may without difficulty be supposed, that I should upon every proper occasion stand forth their champion; and like the chivalrous beaux of old, be ever ready to assert their rights, and defend their priveledges when in danger of attack or innovation. From the anxiety with which some have endeavoured to enlist me in their cause on the subject of card playing, I can without boasting of much penetration, discover how essential to their happiness and peace of mind the dear amusement is: and that some apprehensions may be reasonably entertained of its duration; from the snarling unaccommodating manners of stupid, fire-side husbands; and the contempt with which many who lay a claim to understanding, and a sense of propriety affect to treat it. You cannot think, says FLAVIA, how my heart has bounded when your paper was first announced. I am sure we shall have a protector in dear MR. EASY; possessing, as he must do, sense and taste, (for he would never presume to dictate to an enlightened and accomplished community without these qualifications) he will immediately throw the gauntlet, and prove to the cynical wretches who wish to controul us, that a card-table is quite as agreeable as the coffee-room, or a table covered with segar ashes, and the room filled with nasty tobacco-smoak.

What man is callous to the appeal of beauty, particularly when in distress, as seem'd to be the situation of FLAVIA? And who could withstand such flattering commendation on his sense and taste? Her logic, certainly proved irresistible, and I boldly promised all the power of my feeble efforts to invigorate the resolution of persisting, and to confound the silly animadversions of those who wish to bring such rational entertainments into disrepute.

A person unaccustomed to the manners of a city, might stare at the idea of perpetual absence from home in pursuit of the pleasure resulting from *Loo*; which appears to exercise little more understanding than throwing of dice. It has also been thought strange that a married woman, and mother of a family, should prefer the formal mixed company, where total indifference is the hight of the ton, to the soothing endearments of pratling children, or social intercourse with a fond husband; whose daily avocations, by which she and hers obtain bread, have deprived him of her society almost the whole day: that she should leave her children liable to a thousand accidents, to the uninterested charge of a vulgar mercenary, and compel her husband once more to leave his fire side, already jaded and exhausted, to look upon, and perhaps to join in a pastime which he detests.

As to the impropriety of pitching away in a few hours enough to keep a family in moderate circumstances comfortable for a week; no one has been hardy enough to make a charge so derogatory to common sense; and for this plain reason, that success is always affirmed by the female gambler to be her constant companion; not every night, because every witness could contradict the assertion, but in the aggregate, at the close of the season. And as to the superiority of what are called intellectual pleasures, or those pursuits by which the head and heart are improved, we are not yet so antiquated as to hint at a comparison. To ply the needle, or the streets, all day, and the cards all night, are employments sufficient for any but very Herculean faculties. With respect to children, they have now so many other teachers beside their

parents, that the necessity of acquirements for their benefit is entirely superseded. I shall therefore endeavour in what follows, to furnish every argument that may be allowed, in support of these pleasures which seem to be so seriously threatened; and will place the matter in every point of view in which it is susceptible of commendation.

As the girls are generally occupied with other notions, and modes of gain, than of money; the attention to the card table seems to devolve chiefly upon the married ladies; how this happens it is not very easy at first to explain, as their other resources are more numerous. It would seem that the mind of a woman abhors any thing abstracted or speculative; it must have something substantial upon which to doat to distraction: apathy is out of the question. When therefore, she has no longer a lover, she makes a natural transition of the passion to cards, and it seldom loses strength by the transfer.

In this money-making community, they are enabled more completely to aspire to the society of their husbands, by receiving from play similar ideas of profit and loss; and though they devote the night instead of the day to their business, yet some attention, acuteness, and smartness, all qualities of high import, are constantly exercised and improved thereby. Though their gains and losses do not vie with their husbands' thousands, and tens of thousands; yet I will venture to say that their hearts are not the less subject to all the fluctuations of joy, and sorrow; hope, and disappointment; by which the gentle current of life is sometimes animated and ruffled, or in other words, exercised: for a sedentary life requires some such extraordinary propulsion of the blood, to retain vital energy sufficient to live.—I need scarcely remark how much a knowledge of the human mind is perfected at a card table. We there behold all the modifications of the passions; from the fury of the virago dashing her cards with violence on the table, and transforming the human face divine into an appearance somewhat diabolical; to the stoical philosophy of her, who from long experience and hacknied attention, has learnt to lose with the same frigid apathy with which she wins.

There you may discover the almost suppressed frown or sigh of a pretty woman, whose vanity predominating over passion, determines her to refrain from contortions before the numerous observers around her.

In short, it is one of the schools of human life, and of full as much benefit to society, as rioting at taverns, as smoking segars at home through downright stupidity, or dozing in a formal circle, or busily propagating scandal.

It teaches those the calculations of arithmetick, who have most probably never had better or other lessons, and it most certainly gives habits of attention, which are highly requisite in the due management of the minutiæ of a family.

Of all inventions that of cards in my humble opinion is of the most universal utility: it borrows considerable dignity from our modern systems of political improvements, inasmuch as its direct tendency is to abolish all difference or superiority as to mental qualifications, and reduce all society to a convenient equality. Many a charming lady that would otherwise be compelled to set perfectly silent and unentertaining, and would scarcely be noticed but for her complexion or her dress; now contrives to be very communicative and sagacious as to where the deal lies, what are the laws of the game, and what is to be the amount of the loo: And many a pleasant laugh does she enjoy at the ignorance of a novice who happens to loo himself. Many a sweet creature now prepares for a party with great delight, not dreading any appeal to her natural or acquired knowledge in any particular by which her want of information might be betrayed.—No, the profound silence which reigns till the introduction of the Loo tables, fully proves with what anxiety they are expected as a relief and a pastime. Conversation, when that auspicious moment arrives, is an absolute bore. Nobody is expected to utter a syllable, except as to gaining information on the points of the game, or triumphantly to tell the ninny who has just swept the loo, that he has forgot the candlestick.

As to the husbands of these happy ladies, I cannot think they have any right to complain; if they wont participate in such exquisite enjoyments it cannot be helped. If they have been abroad all day, their wives have been at home all day, and precisely for the same reason that those wish to stay at home, do these chuse to go abroad.—Here then is the point at issue: which is to give way, and accommodate the other?—The men, most certainly. Honour, gallantry, forbid that the ladies should ever lose that supremacy to which they are entitled in every civilized country. With what contempt would our valiant forefathers look down upon us, when they make the comparison between us and themselves.—What deeds of valour, what prolonged sufferings were not theirs to gain the smile of approbation from a haughty fair one? And shall we presume to compare an hours durance at the card table, encompassed with killing eyes, and angel forms; to combats, imprisonments, and disastrous chances; merely to have the honour of being called knight, instead of husband, of some disdainful maiden?

This it is to live in a commercial country, the notions of whose inhabitants are too contracted to partake of those refinements and elegances, peculiar to the card table and its votaries. It is to be hoped that the influence of the ladies will extend until it has completely gained that predominance to which their matchless qualifications and acquirements so justly entitle them. S.

Mr. Easy,

I rejoice to find that your miscellany is likely to succeed in Baltimore, and although I have not heretofore made my congratulations to you, I assure you that the neglect is in no degree attributable to motives unfriendly to "*The Companion*," but to an ungovernable propensity to indolence and procrastination.

The advantages which will result from such a work as yours, conducted with taste and ability, are almost incalculable; independently of the arguments which you have neatly urged in its favour, it has other strong recommendations; and one among them, of no inconsiderable weight is, the effect, which it will naturally have, of turning the attention of some of our younger citizens to literary subjects, and by affording them easy and respectable access to the publick notice, will induce them to write: by that mean they will discover their own capacities, which are certainly not known to people in general, and, however loud the cry is against vanity and every thing which may be calculated to produce it, or to encrease it where it already exists, I have no hesitation in contending that there are fewer persons who estimate their talents too highly, than there are of those possessing great talents, of which they are entirely ignorant. Powers which have never been exercised, cannot be ascertained. Occasional essays, written with that freedom which is given by a certainty of being unknown, and an assurance of being candidly attended to, and of having the first pieces politely and delicately declined, if in the judgment of the Editor (to whose discretion they ought to be and must be submitted) they should be too crude, or in any other respect unfit for the publick eye; will have the doubly good effect of correcting undue confidence, and of assuring the excessively diffident.

A habit of close thinking, which is almost uniformly the consequence of frequent attempts being made to commit to paper the sentiments which we hold on particular subjects, is highly important. It is well known that with respect to the senses, they are much improved by exercise; whoever has been accustomed to look attentively at small objects sees more keenly than other people; the sense of feeling may be brought to a degree so exquisitely delicate as to distinguish between colours; and instances of the extraordinary acuteness of taste, are familiar to every body; but in none of these cases are the effects of practice more obvious, than in producing an accurate and connected mode of thinking, and a logical and energetic style of writing or speaking.

My time has been so completely occupied by my ordinary avocations, and in sacrificing to my dear indolence, that I have written nothing for The Companion. I, however, resolved from the first appearance of your *Prospectus*, sometimes to contribute a mite to a work which I so fully approbate; and as an earnest, I beg leave to send you the following piece from my favourite author; the peculiar tone of thought and expression would easily distinguish it from the smooth and mellifluous poetry of later times, which, though confessedly more correct than the ancient compositions, are infinitely below them in strength and sublimity.

There is something so exceedingly grand in the idea of making an address to the Sun, and the execution of it, in this instance, is so astonishingly bold and vigorous as to stamp it at once, the offspring of a genius of the very first order. Through the whole of the address, the characteristic dignity of the Celtic bard is preserved; there are no degrading comparisons, no trite expressions, no contemptible objects introduced; but, the moon, the stars, the mountains, the ocean, the meteors in all their various and awfully terrific forms, are the objects, which this favorite child and pupil of nature has thought proper to present to view; they are unquestionably the grandest objects which we see, and being all shewn as obscure, and secondary in comparison with his primary object, are admirably calculated to heighten our ideas of its splendour. It will not, I think, be possible for any reader of sensibility to pass with unconcern, over the affecting and natural allusion which the poet makes to his own great misfortune; tho' more concise and less circumstantial than the celebrated and pathetic lamentation on the same subject by the great Milton, I do not think it much less interesting.

Nov. 22d. 1804. WALTER.

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"O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O Sun! thy everlasting light? thou comest forth, in thy awful beauty; the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou thyself movest alone: who can be a companion of thy course! The oaks of the mountains fall: the mountains themselves decay

with years; the ocean shrinks and grows again: the moon herself is lost in heaven; but thou art for ever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests; when thunder rolls, and lightning flies; thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian, thou lookest in vain; for he beholds thy beams no more; whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art, perhaps, like me, for a season; thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult then, O Sun! in the strength of thy youth! Age is dark and unlovely; it is like the glimmering light of the moon, when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills; the blast of the north is on the plain, the traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey."

CARTHON.

DESULTORY SKETCHES

FROM THE COMMON-PLACE BOOK OF AN OLD BATCHELOR.

Women are said to refine the taste—frivolous pretence for being led by them, when they manifestly introduce a new corruption of manners. It was through an emulation to please them, that men began to affect the ornaments of dress; and from that time, the attention to please by fashions superseded all care to please by personal accomplishments.

Every thing is adapted to the female taste; nothing takes, but the light and frivolous. Does not affectation run through the whole deportment? and what are our conversations but pride and vapours?

How strangely contradictory are men's judgments in female affairs! unless you are really a knave you are reckoned a fool.

We see a good man plain, rough, and not tractable—he is without polish, and therefore women overlook the advantages of his acquaintance; and link themselves to the contemptible fop, who often conceals a bad heart under an exterior, which they could wish to have found in the former.

There's LYCORIS just appearing in the gay world, like an opening rose; scarce were the first leaves disclosed when the worthy GUNIPHILUS cast his eye upon her—her sprightly and sportive manners attracted his particular attention; in short, he loved her with all the warmth of the most ardent lover, and had reason to consider himself equally beloved—and while he believed himself the happiest man in the world, a rich coxcomb steps in, outbids GUNIPHILUS, and carries off the blooming LYCORIS. Never any person, GUNIPHILUS, did thee a better turn than this rival.—With LYCORIS you had been an undone man.

Marriages are often said to be appointed in heaven, before they are contracted on earth; but how, as a christian can I believe so?—for, scarce are a couple come together, than they begin to see and manifest to the world, that they are utterly mismatched; clashing in sentiments and inclinations—something beyond indifference—a contempt for each other.——Can bountiful Heaven have any hand in this? No. There is not at most one marriage in six where the purse, convenience, and a hot fit of passion, are not more attended to, than religion and a rational happiness.

Agathocles has for these five years prided himself in being every fair one's friend and humble servant—the husband's terror—the lover's rival; if he was constant for a week, 'twas with an object whose charms had all the advantage of the bloom of youth. If ever he dropped a look upon a woman of twenty-five, 'twas but by way of interlude, without any attatchment—at the name of a woman of thirty he was seized with a qualm.—What a life did he lead the poor

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This extreme nicety of *Agathocles*, in point of age, made it be concluded that he would never marry, or that nothing under one of the three graces could induce him to it: yet, married he is, but to whom? would you imagine that after all his insolences, the bride of this scornful Adonis is no other than the antiquated *Hecuba*. Here can be no liking, no sympathy—there is a discordance in the whole; but it is, and supremely so, what is called a rational marriage. Rational! yes, what more rational course can *Agathocles* take, than to make himself master of four thousand pounds a year by a single monosyllable? thus at once is his shattered fortune repaired by the spoils of three husbands, of whom *Hecuba* is the wealthy widow.

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As most courtships are little better than playing at *Blind-man's-buff*, the stiffness of fathers in these cases is generally commendable; both prudence and duty call for the interposition of their authority to reduce their children to reason, and save them from those misfortunes, into which want of experience and the heat of youth would plunge them: indulgence is not to be hearkened to in times of such dangers.—

But their duties and prerogatives are not without limits; they vary according to circumstances; a generous heart

may sometimes balance betwixt filial duty and gratitude: On which side then should the scale turn? on that where most has been received, and consequently where the greatest obligations lie; that any person can stand in competition with the father for the son's gratitude, ought to be held a paradox; 'tis he that ought to blush for his own faults. St. Paul's injunction to children *to obey their parents* is followed with an admonition to the latter, *not to be bitter against them.* Let me not be thought by this to be lifting up the standard of rebellion for children against parents; all I mean is, to rescue the sentiments of the former from the imprudent tyranny of the latter.—

FROM SEGUR'S INFLUENCE OF WOMEN IN SOCIETY.

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.]

THE BIRTH OF CHRISTIANITY.

We have been able thus far to observe the influence of governments and of laws on the manners of women. After several successive ages, a change was effected, which went in some measure to purify and renew the morals of this sex, too weak to stem the torrent of licentiousness.

We have successively seen the women among the Patriarchs reduced to the simple employment of a mother of a family; among the Egyptians, treated with more consideration, and always regarded as the sources of happiness: in Greece, sometimes neglected, as in Athens; sometimes, as among the Lacedemonians, exposed to the curious eyes of the men, and, at the same time, the victims of a cold and criminal philosophy, which, by misplacing, degraded them. They held a more respectable situation in Rome, in the first stages of the republic; but soon afterwards abandoned to all its dissoluteness, and all its dangers, they are seen to follow the Roman empire in its decline, to partake of its corruption, and involve themselves in its ruin. Such was the gradual progress of the manners and the conditions of women so far back as the reign of Tiberius.

At length Christianity arose: it came to offer to mankind a safe system of morals, of present and of future happiness; it proposed to them, as their glory, a reconciliation to the Supreme Being; as an end, in adopting it, sweet consolations on the earth; and, as a reward for persevering in it, an eternal rest in heaven.

Until that time the women, unsettled in their desires, and subdued even in their thoughts, unacquainted with any other light than the transient glimmerings of pleasure, waited without hope. Having become Christians, they subdued their passions and their reason; and warmed by a pure and vivid flame, they elevated themselves to the divine love, and tasted that anticipated happiness which faith inspires in our breasts even in adversity.

It is in these tender minds, above all others, that the law of Christ ought to exercise all its influence. They were, in fact, the first to embrace these religious doctrines, which corresponding to all the secret movements of their hearts, to their natural fondness for pity, for love, and for devotion, proposed to them engaging occupations, and enjoyments without remorse. It is difficult to delineate the amazing revolution which this period effected.

Christianity, severe in its principles, but proffering forgiveness, substituted the reign of the mind for that of the passions. If politics and philosophy altogether related to the interests of society, the new legislation made this world appear as an empty shadow, from which every thing ought to alienate us; and the world to come, as the only object which should occupy our thoughts, and direct our hopes. Every thing was purified. Disgrace attached itself to licentiousness. The women became more modest, lamented the want of chastity, imposed sacrifices upon themselves, and humbled themselves in order to be elevated. Crimes diminished, from the necessity and the obligation they were under of impeaching themselves. Every one was desirous of a restraint, and regarded the limits of his desires and his passions; duties became pleasures; all the wise institutions which had fallen into decay were restored; vows were pronounced; indissoluble bonds were formed; and marriage, which before had been only an union by the simple agreement of the parties, became a sacred tie, solemnized and consecrated at the altar, and protected by the laws. A simple and pure morality offered itself as a support to the unfortunate, and a safeguard to the weak and the innocent. Extinguishing hatred, and forbidding revenge, Peace appeared to descend on the earth, to invite the human race to love and support her; and Religion, by uniting together the minds of all mankind, seemed to form one immense chain, which reached even the throne of the Deity.

Every thing in this new worship served to render it agreeable to the women. It not only re-established a more equal balance between them and us, but corresponded, in some measure, to that inclination, always prevailing among them, to bring others into subjection, and to exercise their power. To convert is also a species of seduction; and the Christian women have, on this account, been seen to give themselves up to it with more ardour than the men. England, France, part of Germany, Bavaria, Hungary, Bohemia, Lithuania, Poland, Russia, and, during some time, Persia, received the gospel from the hands of beauty,

and thousands of proselytes were the happy fruits of its charms and its grace.

This sensibility, so natural to women, (a sensibility which love converts into a passion) was soon transformed by religion into a mild and consolatory pity. A desire of promoting the happiness of others, and of cheering the unfortunate, imparted to their minds an high degree of warmth and ardour. Sacred asylums of misfortune were established, patronized, and overlooked by them. Weakness and commiseration triumphed, from the disgust with which horrid spectacles of distress must have filled them. The sick and the afflicted were taken care of, and their lamentations respected; and the tears which yet trickled down their cheeks, were received into sympathising bosoms. We at length behold the women, those precious ornaments of the earth, becoming the refuge of the unfortunate, and the resources of the indigent. Persecution likewise, which so severely tried the first Christians, afforded the women an opportunity of unfolding their virtues.

Religion, calm and efficient, had softened their hearts; but when they were oppressed, threatened, and proscribed, it animated their courage, and elevated their sentiments; carried away by a holy enthusiasm, those very women who but lately rivalled the lustre of their charms by the splendour of their dress, now, covered with sack-cloth, forgot their attractions, and the feebleness of their sex, braved death, and even courted it. Let us not be astonished at this amazing fortitude. The worship which they defended with so much zeal, protected their weakness. A series of new ideas and principles of conduct was established by it; and another constitution of society offered itself to their notice, in which they were able to acquire a rank more respectable than they held before, and totally independent of the men. If they remained in society, a sacred institution bound them to their husbands; if they devoted themselves to the altars, they depended for the future on God alone; and thus, in one word, they passed from slavery into freedom.

THE DYING MIRA—A FRAGMENT.

Does that rose look so gay only to mock my faded form? I will turn me from its beauties, while it remains the symbol of what I once was—and wait for the hour of evening, when it shall become the emblem of what I now am. The venerable oak which stretches forth its bare limbs, whereon no verdure sprouts, and in whose rugged trunk vegetation has lost its powers, soothes my wounded heart.—But that tree was long the glory of the plain—a whole age and more conducted it to a slow maturity, and a long course of years has glided over its decay—while I have scarce attained the hour of vernal bloom, when I feel my approaching end, and a moment beholds me perish.——But why should I complain?——My life has been without a fault—and that I die for love cannot be imputed to me by that just Being who gave me such a tender heart, and clothed celestial virtue in the form of Horatio.——I love heaven in him, and am going to an eternal participation of it with him——His form is mouldering away—but what of that?—our souls are still united, and my dust shall soon mingle with his.—The cypress which rises beside his grave will soon cast its shadow over mine.——Ye ever honoured authors of my being!—ye tender guardians of my infancy—ye faithful friends of my youth—regret me not—ye will soon see me no more, but I shall be happy.——It seems as if Horatio's spirit waited impatiently for mine, and that his heaven cannot be happy without me.——Does a disordered fancy deceive me, or is he not on yonder cloud?—He seems to chide my delay.——I come, Horatio—be not impatient—Nature will soon release me—the bands are loosening which tie me to the world——one sigh more, and I am thine forever!

FROM LEWIS'S COMIC SKETCHES.

Of all the ignoramusses breathing those in the West of England exceed all belief. As a proof, I have to mention the uncommon ignorance of a colier, who had never been but once over the threshold of a door since his baptism; and this visit was accidentally caused by a shower of rain obliging him to seek shelter there. It was in Bristol, and during the time of divine service. The heathenish boor returning home, thus told his brother clods what he had heard and seen:

"I have been in a place where I never was before, and where I never design to be again; for there I zaw twelve vellows cock'd up in a sort of hay-loft, shouting and zinging away for dear life. I ax'd 'em if they had got any thing to drink there—and a zort of a dog-whipping vellow came up to me with a zwitch in his hand, and told me in a huff, I could get nothing to drink there. How dost know that? says I—thee beest not land-lord—beest thee? So then he took my hat off my head. Dang it, I had a great mind to a given un a douse o'th' chops, and zet un a spinning like a whirligigg. But I thought I wouldn't kick up a doust.—Zo I went a little varther, and I zaw a zet of men and women penn'd up together like zo many ewes and wethers at a vair. In the middle of 'um there was a little mon lock'd up in a tub—a was as true as I'm a living zoul of a zinner,

lock'd up in a tub breast high, with a shirt as black as a coal, and a little white zlobbering-bib, slit in two and stuck under his chin. Turning up his eyes, he prayed away to be delivered. Below there zat a little mon mocking of 'un for whatever one said t'other said too. By and bye, the little man in a black shirt pull'd it off and there was another as white as a clout—and then with a twist of his wristippes, he opened the tub and came down, and took a little baby out of a woman's arms, and carried it to a zort of a hog trow, and splash'd his *vace* over and over again with cold water. Dang it, thinks I, who knows where this frolick may end? Mayhap, if the maggot bites, they'll duck me too, and zo I took to my heels and scampered away. And if they do catch I within zide of a church again, I'll give 'um leave to zouse nd zop me o'er and o'er again."—This was all the idea a West country collier had of a church.

DEFINITION OF GRATITUDE.

At the institution for the deaf and dumb, in the street of the observatory, No. 115, a question was put to a pupil of the Abbe Sicard, which would have puzzled any person to have resolved in five words, though he had had the perfect use of his ears and his tongue, and answered with great quickness by one that had neither.—"What is gratitude?" "The memory of the heart."

ANECDOTIC GLEANINGS.

ALSO—BUT NOT LIKEWISE.

A quaker being examined by a judicious counsel, as he was retiring, another counsel on the same side asked him a question which he did not like to answer: I have told all I know to the counsel, said the quaker. *I am counsel also* answered the barrister. Thou may'st be counsel *also*, replied the quaker, *but thou art not counsel like—wise*

CATO.

In a Dutch translation of CATO, the version of the soliloquy is curious;—thus does it commence: "Just so,—you are very right, Mynheer Plato."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are much obliged to X for the effusions of his muse, and hope she will continue to be as fertile as she is pleasing.

LEANDER shall appear in our next.

TOM THOUGHTFUL must not think himself neglected because he is unavoidably postponed.

LITERARY NOTICE.

An enterprizing spirit, especially in commercial pursuits, is a prominent feature in our national character; and when the sphere of its activity is extended to embrace literary objects of high authority, and acknowledged utility, every friend to the real dignity of his country ought to give it his countenance and support. That those who are able and willing to encourage laudable undertakings may receive what information is in our power to convey, we with pleasure announce the following

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

HUMANITY.

O ye who sport in pleasure's flowery way,
Whose hearts are strangers to misfortune's call,
Listen O listen to my humble lay—
I plead for those on whom afflictions fall.

Grant sweet humanity thy heavenly aid,
Teach man to feel the joys thou canst impart;
O come in meek eye'd pity's charms array'd,
And gently "steal the moral to the heart."

Twine round those hearts that bounteous heaven hath blest,
And lead the way to weeping misery's cell;
Instruct them there to whisper peace and rest,
And learn the luxury of doing well.

Visit yon hut, where poverty doth reign,
Where cruel want has laid its victims low;
Stretch forth the hand, alleviatetheir pain,
And shield the heart from misery's fatal blow.

Seek the lone widow and her offspring dear,
Almost bereft of hope's enliv'ning ray;
Chase from her tender bosom gloomy fear,
And kindly wipe her sorrowing tears away.

O teach her infant prattlers to rejoice,
With joy they'll lisp their benefactors name;
The willing tribute of an infant voice
Is a rich banquet to a heart humane.

Nor pass unmindful by the dungeon's gloom,
Where poor fall'n man a guilty victim lies;
Point out the hope of peace beyond the tomb,
And raise his voice to heav'n in suppliant cries;

Until the voice of pardon from above,
Breath'd from his Maker, who is ever kind;
Salutes his soul in sweetest strains of love,
"To cheer and charm his solitary mind."

Silence! methought I heard an angels voice!
Through heavens expanded arches swift it ran;
"Loose ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry heart rejoice,
"Man proves a friend unto his fellow man." SOLUS.

THE GIFT.

Sweet woodbine! I'll cherish thee long in my bosom,
A gift of the youth I in secret adore;
No chill blast shall reach thee, then fade not dear blossom,
Nor droop like this heart, which thy loss must deplore.

The dew of the morning I'll haste to provide thee,
Lay thee close to my breast at the evening's decline;
And 'till he returns in soft language to cheer me,
A tear for his absence shall daily be thine. X.

Fortune I am not thy slave!
Hoard for me no sordid treasure;
But preserve the wealth I have,
A soul just form'd for love and pleasure. X.

THE LOVER.

When Cupid throws his fatal dart,
And the soft pain invades the heart,
The wounded swain now absent sighs,
Neglecting her for whom he dies;
And now he tries tho' much afraid,
To win the coy neglected maid;
He roves through lone sequester'd ways,
And there he sings in am'rous lays
That Delia's matchless charms exceed
The nymphs' that tread the flow'ry mead,
And oft of cruel fate complains,
And oft that Delia mocks his pains.
The giddy dance, the flowing bowl
Oppress and hurt his am'rous soul;
His old companions he forsakes,
But to his bosom one he takes,
To whom he tells, with love opprest,
The dearest secrets of his breast.
A prey to jealousy and fears,
He burns with envy when he hears
Delia lisp anothers name,
(Praise and bare mention are the same;)
And fears that every swain who sees—
Delia may wound, and Delia please.
And if perchance the fates have giv'n
A soft kind moment, boon of heaven!
Then in admiring stupor lost,
By hopes and fears alternate lost,
The long sought moment soon is gone,
Delia distrusts— and hope is flown;
His every action only proves,
He pleases least, when most he loves.

CONSTANTIUS.

THE FROWN.

My lovely Celia tell me why
That frown contracts thy face?
Why anger in each briliant eye,
Disdainful finds a place?

O tell me where I thoughtless err'd,
Unknowing of my crime;
Here I recall the guilty word,
And blot it out of time.

When light'nings red in awful blaze,
Gleam swiftly all around;
When from their long and fiery maze
The dreaded thunder's sound;

To heav'n I lowly raise my pray'r,
And humbly ask to live;
So, lovely Celia now I dare—
Forget it and forgive? IBAOM.

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